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And so sweet a prayer He prayed  
That the gentle Father bade  
    A dead robin live again,  
That her cold eggs might be made  
Singing creatures free and fain,  
    Unafraid.

Little Christ a-sleeping  
    Fell and dreamed a dream.  
Birds of feather and of clay  
    At the dying of the day  
    Came and sang to Him.  
Sparrows chirped a merry note,  
But one mother-robin's throat  
Shrilled of death and holy rood.  
Was it ill or was it good,  
    Such a dream ?

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### THE FAERY FOOL.

If I'm the Faery fool, Dalua—  
    Ay me, the Faery fool !  
How do I know what the rushes say,  
Sighing and shuddering all the day  
    Over their shadowy pool ?  
How do I know what the North Wind cries  
    Herdung his flocks of snow ?  
The menace that lies in the Hunter's eyes  
    How do I know ?

If I'm the Faery fool, Dalua—  
    Ay me, the Faery fool !  
I cry to them that sent me here  
To laugh and jest, to geck and fleer,  
    To scorn at law and rule :  
“ *Why did ye also give to me  
Beauty and peace to know,  
The ears to hear and the eyes to see  
And the hands that let all go ?* ”

I cry to them that bade me jest :  
“ *Why made ye me so slight,*

*And put a heart within my breast,  
An evil gift, an evil guest,  
To spoil me for delight?  
Made for mere laughter, answer why  
Must I have eyes for dool?  
Take from me tears, or let me die,  
For I am sick of wisdom, I,  
    Dalua, the Faery fool."*

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## NIAM.

Mouth of the rose and hair like a cloud—  
After my feet the wind grows loud :  
The red East Wind whose rumor has gone  
From Tir-nan-Og\* to Tir-na-Tonn.†  
Under my feet the windflower grows,  
After my feet the shadows run,  
Over my feet the long grass blows.  
All things hail me and call me on  
Out of the darkness into the sun,  
Love and Beauty and Youth in one.

Under my feet the windflower grows.  
Men called me Niam when first arose  
My splendid star : but what now ye call  
Me, do I heed if I hear at all ?  
Look in my eyes—are they gray or blue ?  
They are the eyes that the Fenians krew,  
When out of the sunshine, into the shade,  
I called to Oisin, and he obeyed.  
Across Fionn's banner my dark hair flew,  
And safe in its leash my love I drew.

I called to Oisin and he obeyed—  
Out of the sunshine into the shade,  
Though the words were out and the warhorns blew  
And wisdom and pride my voice gainsaid.  
But a hundred years, or a thousand years,  
I kept my lover from hopes and fears—  
In Druid dark on my arm he slept.  
Shall I not keep men even as I kept ?

\* The Country of Youth.

† The Land under the Sea.